

WALTER LIPPMANN

ON

NEARING THE BRINK IN VIETNAM

While the American press is free to report and comment on Vietnam, our people are receiving very little official guidance and help in understanding the portentous events which are happening. Officially, we are being told that we are now involved in a war between two separate nations, North Vietnam and South Vietnam, and that our task is to put enough pressure on the North Vietnamese to make them cease and desist from taking part in the war at the other end of the country of Vietnam.

The official interpretation is one of those half-truths which can be grossly misleading. The half of the truth which we are being told is that North Vietnam is sending some men and officers, is helping to supply, and is probably directing the strategy of the civil war in South Vietnam. The half of the truth which is being neglected is that in a very large part of South Vietnam the resistance to the Viet Cong has collapsed.

Yet, it is the state of the war in South Vietnam which is of critical importance to the United States. It is on that above all that we need to fix our attention. For it is in South Vietnam that disaster impends, and it is the effort to forestall the disaster that brings us very near to becoming involved in a land war of great proportions. It is there that we are being pressed to engage several hundred thousand American troops and to face the prospect of at least a partial mobilization in this country to support and sustain those troops.

Official Theory vs. Actual Events. The argument for making South Vietnam a second Korea is growing louder in the lobbies and corridors of Washington. The argument is being made because the official theory of the problem in South Vietnam has been confounded by events. The theory, which was propounded by Gen. Maxwell Taylor when he persuaded President Kennedy to enlarge our intervention, was that with enough arms, more money, and some American military advisers, the South Vietnamese could create an army able to subdue the Viet Cong rebellion. Until a year ago, more or less, this was the theory on which our excellent Secretary of Defense rested his hopes and his plans, and staked his reputation as a political prophet.

The theory has not worked. Our side has been losing steadily the control of the countryside. It has failed to win the allegiance of the peasants, who are not only the majority of the nation, but are the one and only source of military manpower. Today, the principal highways north and south, east and west, have been cut by the Viet Cong,

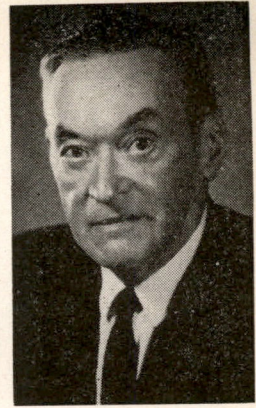
and the cities where our clients are holed up are being supplied by air and by sea. The South Vietnamese Army has not surrendered, but it has so little will to fight and has such a high rate of desertion that we can no longer count on South Vietnamese soldiers even to supply sentries for American air bases and installations.

The basic character of the war has changed radically since President Johnson inherited it from President Kennedy. It used to be a war of the South Vietnamese assisted by the Americans; it is now becoming an American war very inefficiently assisted by the South Vietnamese. In fact, it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that the South Vietnamese, who have good reason to be war-weary, are tending to sit on the sidelines while we, who have promised to "win" the war, are allowed to show how we can win it.

Numbers Not Enough. For a time the war-hawks in this country argued that a certain amount of bombing—a "clean" war in the air rather than a "dirty" war on the ground—would do the trick. But it has not done the trick. All wars, and particularly civil wars, are won or lost on the ground.

It is evident enough now that the South Vietnamese ground forces are unable and unwilling to fight the war effectively. They may have a superiority in numbers over the Viet Cong of 5 to 1. That is not nearly enough in guerrilla wars where a ratio of 20 or 50 to 1 is not always enough. And so we are being confronted with two dismal prospects. The first is the landing of American soldiers for an interminable war on the ground against the inexhaustible masses on the Asian continent. The second prospect is the bombing of the populated cities in North Vietnam. This would bring down on us the opprobrium of almost all the world and also the risk that we would compel Russia and China to join in opposing us.

Having staked our prestige on the outcome of the civil war which is being lost in South Vietnam, we may find ourselves with a choice between the devil of defeat in South Vietnam and the deep blue sea of a much wider war in Eastern Asia. That choice could perhaps be avoided if we remember in time that when there is no military solution to a conflict, there must be negotiation to end it. In such a situation, only fools will go to the brink and over it.





In this season . . . it is well to remember

The hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future. Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility of helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
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South Vietnamese outpost at dawn: The hawks and the doves may have to be patient

UPI

Vietnam View: The Same, But More So

Few major U.S. policy moves of recent times have aroused quite so much apprehension and expectancy as President Lyndon B. Johnson's decision two months ago to escalate the war in Vietnam. There were hawks in the Pentagon who thought they might at last be permitted to bomb Communist China. There were doves in the Congress and abroad who clamored for a U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam.

Each week seemed to start out with the promise of some new and decisive development. But each week ended much as it began—with the U.S. on the attack, with nods of approval or groans of dismay—and with Lyndon B. Johnson stoically insisting that he proposes to fight it out along these lines no matter how long it takes.

Last week began with a dramatic difference. In Saigon, Viet Cong terrorist agents blew up the U.S. Embassy, killing 22 and wounding 186 (page 39), in the bloodiest and most direct Communist action against the U.S. since the attacks on Pleiku and Qui Nhon that triggered LBJ's decision to escalate the war. Almost simultaneously, U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Gen. Maxwell Taylor enplaned for talks in Washington—and both cities were instantly abuzz with speculation that the war had entered a new and perhaps critical phase.

But it hadn't, and President Johnson himself maneuvered quietly to help the nation get used to living with the Vietnam crisis. He played down any drama intrinsic in Taylor's arrival by having him attend briefings at the Pentagon and the State Department before calling at the White House; and he let it be known that the U.S. had no intention of conducting specific "reprisal" raids against North Vietnam in reply to the bombing of the embassy. After his first meeting with Taylor and other top officials, Mr. Johnson responded to reports of broad new developments by saying, "I know of no far-reaching strategy that is being suggested or promulgated."

'Moving': Next day Taylor sat in on a full-dress meeting of the National Security Council in the Cabinet Room at the White House. He discussed economic improvements for South Vietnam and contingency plans—reportedly calling for the use of up to 320,000 U.S. troops—if regular Communist armies should invade the South. Afterward Mr. Johnson summoned reporters in for a chance to question everyone present. Most of the questioning was directed toward Taylor, who bore out the President's statement that no new strategy is presently contemplated. Taylor told newsmen he had requested more men and equipment for South Vietnam—re-

portedly several thousand more G.I.s. The troops would be used to guard U.S. installations and help train the small Vietnam Army. He pronounced himself "very much encouraged by Premier Phan Huy Quat. "We may now be moving," he added, "into a period of much greater governmental effectiveness than characterized the last six months."

On Capitol Hill earlier, Taylor won warm praise from the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees (the House committees gave him a standing ovation) for his analysis of the situation in Vietnam.

■ Taylor is convinced that North Vietnamese Communist boss Ho Chi Minh does not want Communist China to intervene on his behalf. He is persuaded that North Vietnam is not a Communist Chinese puppet, and has no intention or desire to become a Chinese vassal.

■ Present U.S. operations do not call for the bombing of the Communist capital of Hanoi or the port of Haiphong. Taylor said U.S. airmen have plenty of purely military targets to hit before they start bombing industrial centers.

■ One of the most pressing needs is to beef up South Vietnam's police and military forces. Taylor stressed that it normally takes a manpower ratio of as high as 25 to 1 to fight an antiguerrilla war but that the 5 to 1 ratio in South Viet-



Pictorial Parade

General Taylor at the White House: Playing down the drama

man was nearly sufficient, due to modern weaponry. Nevertheless, new plans call for an additional 160,000 men for the South Vietnamese army, including 20,000 for the police force.

Taylor did much to soothe those congressmen who had feared that his return presaged further escalation of the war, but some of the doves, particularly in the Senate, were still restive. "This town is afraid of the President," grumbled one senator. "So is the press. He has clamped the lid on things. He courts you to get your adherence at best, or your silence at worst. You soon learn that if you continue to buck him, there will be reprisals. When you stand up to Lyndon Johnson, you know, it's like standing on the railroad tracks while an express train is bearing down on you."

'More Hope': Not all of last week's diplomatic activity about Vietnam centered on Washington. From Belgrade came an appeal by seventeen nonaligned nations (including India, Yugoslavia, Iraq, and Ethiopia) calling for negotiations in Vietnam, without "any preconditions"; and from Moscow, The New York Times quoted diplomats from an unnamed neutral nation as saying that North Vietnamese officials have privately indicated they might be willing to negotiate on this basis. In London, Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart said that "more ground for hope" in Vietnam had arisen, and announced that his government would canvass participants in the 1954 Geneva conference to seek their ideas for a settlement.

These moves might or might not portend some significant new development in the long war in Vietnam, but President Johnson insisted that the U.S. so far has no official information suggesting that the Communists are in any mood to talk peace. Later, the President met Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson at Camp David, presumably to discuss

Pearson's suggestion for a "suspension" in U.S. bombings of the North. Pearson felt such a cooling-off period might clear the air for negotiations. At the same time, there was ominous news from the war area: for the first time, U.S. warplanes on a mission over North Vietnam were met by Communist MIG fighters. And so the week ended—but not as dramatically as it had begun.

THE PRESIDENCY:

Texas-Size Bite

It was that time again—even for Lyndon Johnson. As millions of Americans labored over their income-tax forms last week, the President passed the word that his own tax bill amounted to a cool \$100,000. And, LBJ volunteered, he'd had to borrow part of the money (from a Texas bank) to clear himself with the Internal Revenue Service.

As President, Mr. Johnson receives \$100,000 a year in salary, and \$50,000 more for expenses, both taxable. Besides that, he gets a non-taxable \$40,000 for travel and entertainment. The Johnson family fortune—estimated conservatively by his accountants last year at \$3.5 million—is in trust, but the President must pay taxes on his share of its income. His \$100,000 tax bill, he said, involved both 1964 income and his first quarterly estimated payment on 1965's.

Like a model taxpayer, the President was stoic about the big bite. "They have a procedure," he drawled, "where they pay it to the President with the left hand and take it out with the right." But ever the old schoolmaster, he was able to draw a moral, too. It all went to show, said ex-heart patient Johnson, that people who had suffered serious illness could recover successfully enough to become useful citizens (and productive taxpayers) again.

CIVIL RIGHTS:

Summer Strategy

Something less than fresh from their momentous march on Montgomery, Martin Luther King and his strategists huddled for two days last week in the determinedly elegant Florentine Room of Baltimore's Lord Baltimore Hotel and brainstormed a pressing question: what to do for an encore. The big parade was a tough act to follow, as King himself discovered when he floated a trial-balloon proposal for an economic boycott of Alabama—and saw it promptly peppered by friends and foes alike. But when King's men wound up their strategy sessions, they had their answer in the five-letter acronym SCOPE—short for a massive voter-registration drive in seven Southern states.

As sketched at the meeting, SCOPE—Summer Community Organization and Political Education—would be manned by 2,000 volunteers from 800 college campuses. Their territory: 120 counties from Virginia to Louisiana—a belt in which adult Negroes outnumber whites, 724,710 to 627,764, but are outregistered at the polls, 536,369 to 150,929. By the mid-June kick-off date, King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference expects to have a stiff new voting-rights law to work with, and SCOPE aims to double the Negro vote in the 1966 Congressional elections.

That doubled electorate would be explicitly a bloc vote, according to SCOPE director Hosea Williams, the moonfaced King lieutenant who organized the Selma-to-Montgomery pilgrimage. "We intend," Williams said, "to use SCOPE as a foundation for political organization all over the South. SCOPE is going to tell voters, 'All of y'all go to see the politicians together. You're not going to get anything as long as they can section you off.'" Williams was unconcerned about the fact that the militant Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—better seasoned than SCLC at registration campaigns—has already staked out some territory picked for SCOPE. "I don't argue with SNCC," Williams said, "I outwork 'em."

Circuit Riding: SCLC's master strategy was larger still; probably it would venture more and more outside the South and send King circuit-riding into the tindery black ghettos of the North. Bayard Rustin, the influential New York Negro intellectual, turned up at the Baltimore conference to urge just such a course on King. And King was willing. "You can expect us in New York," he said, "and in Philadelphia and Chicago and Detroit and Los Angeles. Selma, Ala., isn't right—but Baltimore isn't right either, and New York City isn't right."

Martin Luther King had run his Ala-

bama boycott proposal up the flagpole in a TV interview earlier in the week, but not many people saluted. Even some civil-rights leaders doubted the wisdom and the practicality of the plan. "I have some reservations about a total boycott that makes no distinction between the good guys and the bad guys," said the Urban League's cool-eyed executive director, Whitney M. Young Jr. And it plainly didn't have Administration support, partly because it would hurt Alabama Negroes as well as segregationist whites, partly because it would endanger a carefully nurtured moderate renaissance in the state.

Pressure: King stuck to the plan in form—but, principally on Rustin's urging, the SCLC board curtailed it substantially in effect. By the time King outlined it at the weekend, it was to start with a call on industry to suspend any plans to build plants in Alabama and a proposal that the government "vigorously step up" enforcement of the Federal fund cut-off provision of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. If that didn't work, SCLC would spread the boycott call to cover private investment funds and Federal bank deposits, and, finally, it would appeal to consumers to boycott "carefully selected" Alabama merchandise.

King made it plain he had no intention of letting up the pressure on Alabama. The demonstrators stayed home in Selma last week, but one group of 500 memorialized their slain volunteer companion, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, with a pilgrimage to Montgomery to lay ten coffins at the Capitol steps—one for each of the ten persons who have died in the civil-rights cause in Alabama in the past two years. And in tiny Camden (population 1,500), Mayor F.R. Albritton and a squad of deputies, cops, and civilian volunteers

aborted a series of SCLC student protest marches—once with a brief volley of smoke bombs.

Tension crackled anew in Birmingham, too, where six dynamite time bombs had been found planted in Negro neighborhoods the week before. Hours before dawn one morning last week, a bomb went off in an alley behind a Negro accountant's home, wrecking his garage, splintering windows up and down the block, and injuring the accountant's 13-year-old son. While police swarmed to the scene, marauders planted two more time bombs—this time at the homes of Mayor Albert Boutwell and city councilwoman Nina Miglionico, both racial moderates. Those two were found and disarmed before their alarm-clock timers ticked past the trigger-hour.

The incidents ran Birmingham's box score of bombings and bombing attempts to 23 since 1956—the worst among them the 1963 blast that killed four girls in a Negro church.

\$5,000 Reward: The week brought signs that Alabama's Gov. George Wallace—who flew into Birmingham and posted a \$5,000 reward—might at last be trying to soften his image as a defiant bitter-ender. The day Martin Luther King's march reached Montgomery, he had ducked out on a promise to see a delegation of petitioners urging him to reverse his segregationist posture. But last week the governor granted the committee of fifteen Negroes and one white minister an audience of an hour and 25 minutes.

The petitioners hardly melted his heart, but they did not challenge a Wallace staffer's statement that it was a "friendly, frank discussion." They presented their petition; Wallace promised to read it and consider it. Then, as the



Associated Press

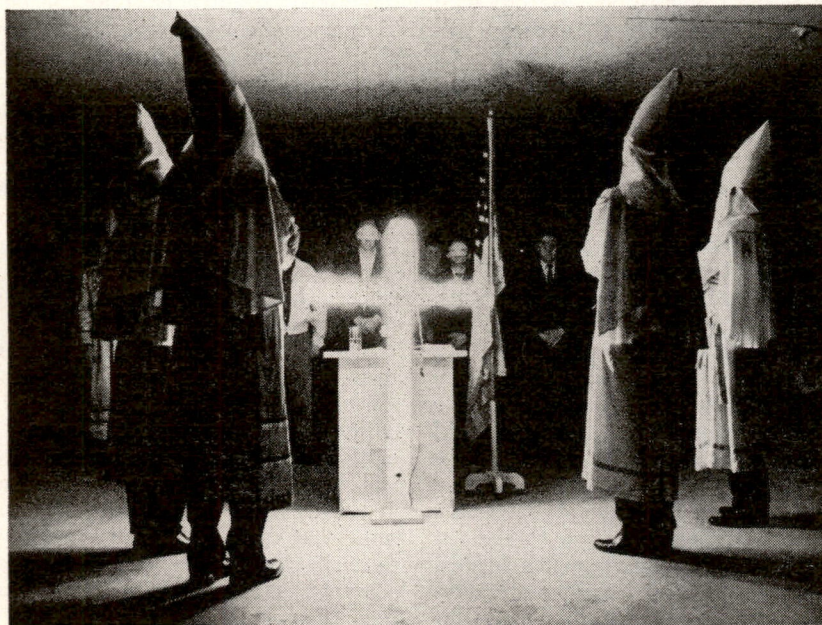
Smoke bombs in Camden

meeting broke up, the Rev. James Bevel—a denim-clad, firebrand King lieutenant—spied a stack of photos of Wallace on a desk. He asked Wallace to autograph one; the governor did. One by one, he signed photos for the other fifteen petitioners, too. "They'll probably throw darts at 'em later," one Wallace aide cracked dourly. But King's men were more likely to frame the photos as trophies of a small but significant victory: the first time any Alabama governor had met with civil-rights petitioners.

Unsheeting the Klan

The first skirmishing parties headed for the front last week to undertake Lyndon Johnson's war against the Ku Klux Klan. They rode into battle on the crest of a national wave of outrage over the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo on Alabama's U.S. Highway 80 between Selma and Montgomery—and the arrest of four Klansmen as suspects. Yet, even as the first shots were fired, some of the Klan's stoutest foes wondered aloud whether the right troops were fighting the right battle on the right ground.

Those doubts bubbled up when the House Un-American Activities Committee voted unanimously to take up LBJ's call for a Congressional investigation of the Klan. The Administration was doubly pleased by HUAC's impeccably conservative credentials and its strong Dixie flavor: five of its nine members, including chairman Edwin Willis of Louisiana, are Southerners. With that imprimatur, a HUAC report giving the Klan un-sheeted hell promised to carry more weight than a rote blast by Northern liberals. And Willis left little doubt as to HUAC's starting stance. He said his preliminary inquiries show that "shock-



Kirk Wooster—Atlanta Constitution

Klan rites in Georgia: 'Incompatible with Americanism'?

ing crimes" are committed by secret Klan action groups, known as "knock-off squads" or "holy terrors." "Klanism," he said, "is incompatible with Americanism."

'Tragic Irony': But HUAC's free-wheeling Red hunts have made its name anathema to many liberals. The Washington Post found it a "tragic irony . . . if this Congressional cabal . . . should now be permitted to capitalize on the martyrdom of a civil-rights worker for the refurbishment of its own shoddy image." Martin Luther King himself said he had "little faith" in HUAC; he urged that the Klan inquiry be undertaken instead by a bipartisan joint Congressional committee.

And others raised deeper questions about whether the Klan inquiry might divert the nation's attention from larger, more potent elements of Southern segregationist resistance—and divert it instead to a splintered hate group with fewer than 20,000 hard-core members (NEWSWEEK, Dec. 21). "The Klan deserves the worst it can get," said Leslie W. Dunbar, executive director of Atlanta's biracial Southern Regional Council. "But the nation doesn't merit a scapegoat and HUAC doesn't merit the chance to become respectable. The Klan is an easy target because it's made up of little people who do vile things."

Second Front: Still, Klansmen have been implicated in some of the worst atrocities in the civil-rights struggle—the killing of Mrs. Liuzzo only the most recent among them. (And last week, night riders dumped charred crosses, the traditional Klan icon, outside three Detroit buildings—among them the Liuzzo family's home.) While HUAC began the month or two of ground-breaking field investigations needed to get hearings started, Justice Department lawyers opened a second front: drafting the anti-Klan legislation LBJ had promised to send to Congress. And that, too, was proving a sticky task. A direct anti-Klan law raised constitutional questions of free speech and assembly and practical headaches as well; the most worrisome among them was the prospect that the Klan would simply go underground.

The approach, instead, seemed likely to be a bill to expand the Reconstruction-era law invoked by the government in the Liuzzo case—a statute outlawing conspiracies to deprive a citizen of his civil rights. Justice lawyers are considering amendments to bring specific crimes, such as murder, under that law and to provide stiffer penalties than the current maximum of ten years and \$5,000. But that step, too, would raise a practical difficulty: suspected offenders would still be tried by Southern juries in Southern courts. Whatever HUAC's qualifications for the mission, its inquiry at least would assure that the Klan would be disrobed in a national arena.

Waving the Red Flag

Try as they might over the years, Communists have never made much headway in the civil-rights movement. Still, potential subversion of the movement has always been a concern to its friends and a red flag to its enemies. Last week, in the wake of the turmoil in Alabama, the issue surfaced again.

Predictably, the loudest alarms came from Dixie segregationists eager to discredit the Negro revolution. Alabama's Goldwater Republican Rep. William Dickinson took the House floor to charge interracial "debauchery" on the march to Montgomery, and insist: "The Communist Party and the Communist apparatus is the undergirding structure for all of the racial troubles in Alabama for the past three months." His Alabama colleague, Rep. James Martin, filled

its eye on leftist trends in the movement. During the siege of Selma, for example, Presidential aides privately expressed fear that Martin Luther King might lose his leadership to SNCC hotheads.

Indeed, most of the current concern in responsible circles centers on SNCC—the aggressive, fiercely nonconformist spearpoint of the civil-rights arsenal. Authorities agree that the "establishment" Negro organizations, the NAACP and the Urban League, are unquestionably free of Communist taint. Nor is there much worry about CORE, a loose federation of autonomous chapters, although some of its fringe activists may be Communist-oriented.

King—Nobel Peace Prize and all—is still a favorite target of some Southern die-hards. Huge blowups of an old picture of the Negro leader taken at the



Billboard along U.S. 80: Blaming it all on the 'Communist apparatus'

pages of the Congressional Record with newspaper stories critical of the movement, including a syndicated column by Washington reporters Rowland Evans and Robert Novak calling the ultramilitant Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee "substantially infiltrated by beatnik, left-wing revolutionaries and—worst of all—by Communists."

Anxiety: But more significantly, expressions of anxiety were coming from staunch liberal friends of civil rights, some of them graying veterans of the traumatic wars with the Communists a generation ago. For the record, Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach gave the major civil-rights organizations and their leaders a clean bill of health this week. But privately—and without being alarmist—Justice Department specialists talked about the infiltration threat. "It is serious, and the movement's leaders have got to be alert," said one staffer. "This problem is going to be with us for ten years." The White House, too, has

interracial Highlander Folk School in Tennessee are blossoming on billboards along Alabama's U.S. 80 under the scare headline: MARTIN LUTHER KING AT COMMUNIST TRAINING SCHOOL. Occasionally, even government investigators whisper about one or another Communist ideologue supposedly close to King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference. But as one savvy Washington liberal said last week: "As far as I can see, King faced up to his Communist problem and solved it."

The anxiety about SNCC is less easy to dismiss. It is fed by criticism of two kinds: that disciplined Communists have wormed their way into the group's operations, and that—whatever its ideological base—SNCC's far-out radicalism is at best irresponsible, and, at worst, somewhat sinister. "It's as if they want to make the society appear hopelessly corrupt," says one critic, "to make it seem the only hope is revolution."

SNCC's attitude about Communist

participation in its activities is decidedly laissez-faire. It makes no effort to screen its 250 field workers for Communist sympathies, and has no regulation barring Communists from leadership posts. SNCC's strong man and elder statesman, 36-year-old James Forman, insists the question is really irrelevant and doesn't much want to discuss it, although he does say: "I doubt that we are getting very many of these so-called Communists." John Lewis, 25, the far less influential chairman, is willing to go a bit further. "There may be some Communists in SNCC, but they are not dictating policy," he said last week.

Confident of the force of SNCC's own mystique, lanky young Jimmy Garrett, head of SNCC's Los Angeles field office, frankly considers the Communists too square to be influential. "Man, they're empty," he said. "They've got the same stale ideas, the same bureaucracy." A number of young West Coast Communists, said Garrett, went to work with SNCC in Mississippi last summer and, more recently, in Selma. "We know who they are and how they work, so they aren't threatening anything," he maintained. "And every one, every one of them changes. They get so they care about people and not about this rigidity. In two years, the young people's party won't have five members. Because when they get mixed up with us, a Commie dies and a person develops. They're not subverting us, we're subverting them. We're more revolutionary than the Communists."

Mystic Faith: Watching SNCC in action, it sometimes seems so. The SNCC style is based on an almost mystic faith in the ability of poor, uneducated people to govern themselves—a sort of superdemocracy far more radical, in one sense, than traditional Communist paternalism. SNCC activists are openly contemptuous of stuffy Marxist-Leninism or, for that matter, any organized ideology. Instead, they prefer a jazzy, free-form individualism. They are suspicious of all power—even their own over the unsophisticated Negroes they work with.

Few respectable critics ascribe SNCC's doctrinaire belligerence to anything more malevolent than long-aggrieved underdogism. "They see their friends being beaten, and some of them killed," says one government expert. "They see basic rights denied. Who can blame them?"

Even so, inflammatory statements by some SNCC activists have raised eyebrows and questions. After sheriff's deputies and state troopers attacked demonstrators in Montgomery last month, for instance, Jim Forman brought a protest meeting to the boiling point with a cry for massive civil disobedience in Washington. "If we can't sit at the table, we're going to knock the [ob-

scenity] legs off!" he shouted, as nuns and clergymen squirmed.

More politically provocative examples are cited, too. Some white clerics complain that SNCCniks talk up issues like U.S. involvement in Vietnam to embarrass America. Other observers point to the active role of the left-leaning National Lawyers Guild in the affairs of SNCC's political offspring in Mississippi, the Freedom Democratic Party. And when moderate Mississippi editor Hodding Carter III—whose Greenville Delta Democrat-Times had been giving sympathetic coverage to SNCC activities—took some visiting journalists to the local headquarters in January, he was dismayed to find piles of Communist literature on display.

Threats: There have been complaints also about the thrust of the "freedom schools" being run by the Council of

ously innocent, the most creative SNCC leaders have evolved a new approach—one that they fervently believe is beyond conventional politics, and not really understandable in conventional terms. Yet, for all their hip enthusiasm, the bleak history of Communist efforts to subvert good causes is against them. Time and again, liberal movements have had to banish Communists from their midst or take the bitter consequences.

CONGRESS:

The House the House Built

The torrent of criticism began the moment the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn proposed an additional House office building ten years ago. And it grew as the building's massive façade and "simplified classic" walls of granite, lime-



Three homes for the House: Next, a McCormack Building?

Federated Organizations, the SNCC-CORE combine in Mississippi. One white minister, long active in civil rights, had to be rescued from a gang of COFO-oriented young Negro radicals recently when they physically threatened him after he preached nonviolence at a mass meeting. The local NAACP long ago withdrew its support from COFO, and some NAACP leaders report they have been threatened with violence for taking a softer approach. Other Negro moderates say that Fannie Lou Hamer, the Freedom Democrats' leading mouthpiece, is showing disturbingly demagogic tendencies—attacking middle-class Negroes and whites, American policy in Vietnam, and Martin Luther King.

SNCC leaders profess to see the whole mosaic of chaotic protest as the inevitable result of disfranchised people finally having their say. And, in truth, SNCC's blithe penchant for anarchy is extraordinary.

Romantic, idealistic, perhaps danger-

stone, and marble eventually rose—along with cost estimates (to some \$100 million, making it the world's most expensive public structure).

Utter scorn for the Capital's latest architectural achievement, the Rayburn House Office Building, reached a new peak last week, as some congressmen and nearly all critics contemplated with sorrow or disgust the undoubted permanence of the ten-story, 720- by 450-foot structure. "A libel on the American people," editorialized The Washington Post. And The New York Times architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable was lyrical in her contempt. The building's "empty aridity and degraded classical details," she wrote, "are vulgarization without drama, and to be both dull and vulgar may be an achievement of sorts . . . A supercolossal exterior expanse of stolid, Mussolini-style pomp is embellished with sculpture that would be the apogee of art in the Soviet Union . . ."

It not only looks bad, it also works

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

bad, congressmen complained. Rep. Silvio Conte of Massachusetts told of getting horribly lost in its labyrinthine corridors while showing a visitor around. ("We were on the verge of panic.") The lawmakers were also panicked by the layout of their office suites; they will have to pass through constituent-packed foyers to get to their staffs.

All the same, the House had authorized the building because it wanted more space, and its senior members had nearly completed moving into the 169 three-room suites last week for the same reason. Some were even dreaming bigger dreams. Texas Democrat Wright Patman, contemplating the house the House built with the practiced eye of an eighteen-term veteran, speculated about the future, when congressmen would have larger staffs and require still larger office suites. "A new building," he intoned, "will be required . . . I ask that the proposed new building be called the John McCormack Office Building." He wasn't kidding.

REPUBLICANS:

Litany of Defeat

Republican ladies turned out 2,100 strong in Washington last week for the hair of the dog that bit them. Perhaps they knew it wasn't good for them; maybe some of them even hated themselves for liking it so much. But when Barry Goldwater, handsome, outspoken, as uncompromising and ineluctable—not to say unelectable—as ever, strode to the platform, they cheered as if their hearts hadn't broken on that dismal day last November.

Other party leaders shared the speaking chores at this thirteenth annual, \$10-a-plate Republican Women's Conference—moderates like Pennsylvania Gov. William Scranton, technicians like Ray Bliss, who took over the party chairmanship at midweek, and calm pros like Richard Nixon and House Minority Leader Gerald Ford. For them the ladies listened and applauded politely. But for Barry they resounded.

No Regrets: And he didn't disappoint. It was vintage Goldwater, with no regrets, no apologies, and an assurance that the "most significant domestic political issue of our time . . . is the irreversible slide toward centralized power." As for the bipartisan Negro voting-rights bill now before Congress—unconstitutional, declared Barry. If such a bill is required, he added, "let's amend the Constitution and quit being dishonest about it."

On the dais sat Ray Bliss, who knows his party must pick up almost another 9 million votes and that roughly half of them will have to be Negro votes; Bliss put his chin in his fists and stared glumly



Goldwater took the cheers . . .



. . . Nixon toasted the President . . .



. . . and Bliss tackled the future

over the happy sea of flowered prints.

Earlier Bliss, red-faced and weary-looking, had delivered a workmanlike inaugural address. "We must expand [our] sense of purpose to build a party which offers a broad appeal to all citizens of the U.S." he lectured the ladies. "Mudslinging and negative thinking will win neither supporters nor elections." And he called for more bread-and-butter issues "based upon a realistic consideration of wants and needs rather than an abstract reference to ideological terms." His speech reflected the creed he had applied in Ohio: open up the party to all segments of opinion.

But the new chairman, like all the major speakers except Goldwater, recounted the dreary litany of defeat: 78 more seats needed in the House, a 2-to-1 Democratic majority in the country, unhealed liberal-conservative wounds. And many of the GOP pros present evinced an almost reverent respect for the political acumen of Lyndon B. Johnson.

Loyal Opposition: Nixon topped them all. LBJ, he said, "is the ablest politician to be in the White House in this century." But he hastened to add: "Because he is a strong man . . . he needs the loyal opposition." The ladies looked somber at this, and at his call for Republicans to produce "constructive alternatives." Then he said the Democratic Administration was more radical than the New and Fair Deals and the New Frontier, and the ladies brightened again and applauded happily.

Next to Goldwater's, the warmest ovation was for California's new senator, George Murphy. Arriving at the mike as the ladies were polishing off their vanilla ice cream, the old song-and-dance man smiled gently and said: "You wonderful, wonderful Republican ladies. You made it all possible." And then he summed up the situation about as well as anybody did during the three-day meeting: "We have come through a strange election . . . There were synthetic images . . . There were charges and countercharges. Let's never do that again."

CRIME:

Clerical Error

Assistant U.S. Attorney Morton Susman of Houston plucked 75 cents from office petty cash one day last fall and headed downtown under special orders. His mission: buy pornography in Houston to set up a prosecution and test Federal obscenity laws. Results: paydirt in the form of an inspired 170-page paperback, "The Awakening of Cindy."

"We picked it because it was one of the worst," Susman said last week. The story of Cindy, whose awakening began with her defloration by a preacher, impressed even case-hardened smut

Fred Ward—Black Star

snoops. It had, says Susman, "homosexual behavior, Lesbianism, orgies..." Understandably, it sold briskly all over the nation, some 200,000 copies in all.

About the only thing "Cindy" left to the imagination was the real name of the author. But by checking the distributor, the West Coast News Co. of Fresno, Calif., Feds tracked him down and charged him last week with interstate transportation of obscenity.

The defendant: Dr. Arthur Edwin Shelton, popular pastor of Wesley Memorial Methodist Church of Norfolk, Va. Shelton, 42, under \$10,000 bail and facing both grand jury action in Houston and removal proceedings by his elders in Norfolk, admitted he was Cindy's creator. But he denied transporting her other than on the wings of fantasy.

After his arrest, Shelton said little, but repaired to the rectory where he doubtless ruminated over the lines from "The Rubáiyát" which he had recited to his congregation just the Sunday before:

*The Moving Finger writes;
and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety
nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel
half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a
Word of it.*

ESPIONAGE:

'I Stole America's Secrets'

During the entire span of the cold war, Western nations have nabbed one Russian secret agent after another, but never once would the Soviet Union admit that it employed spies. Last month, however, in a sudden reversal, Soviet authorities permitted one of their spies not only to admit to his calling, but even to boast of successful espionage carried out in both Britain and the U.S.

The memoirs of Kenon Trofimovich Molody, written under his cover name, Gordon Lonsdale, appeared in one of the most successfully lurid of the London Sunday weeklies, *The People* (circulation 5.5 million). Though Molody was sentenced in London in 1961 to 25 years for espionage—and last year was exchanged with the Soviets for alleged British spy Greville Wynne—none of his "exploits" as a Russian agent in the U.S. were then published. *The People's* articles, especially the one entitled, **FOR FIVE YEARS I STOLE AMERICA'S SECRETS**, take care of the oversight.

The story of his successes, Molody promises, "will cause some very red faces" in the FBI and the CIA. According to his story, Molody arrived in the U.S. in 1951 and stayed five years, mostly as radio operator for master spy

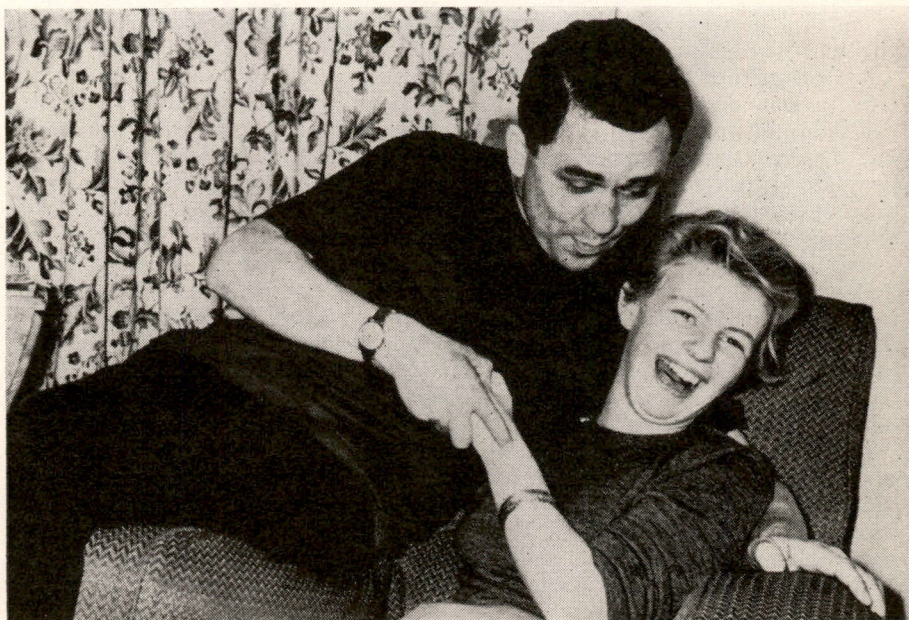
Rudolf Abel (the first Soviet admission of Abel's espionage role in the U.S.). Violating all the canons of contemporary spymanship—which ordain that clandestine radio operators are too crucial to risk in other work—Molody, to hear him tell it, ranged from the chess tables in New York's Central Park, through Houston, Texas, to waterfront bars in San Francisco as a recruiting agent and a "maker" and "servicer" of letter drops (concealed places where messages are left for other spies).

Puzzled Cops: To show the naïve bafflement of U.S. authorities, he tells how his car was once stopped while he was carrying a huge shortwave radio set in the back seat. He says he blandly

heard of since. Molody was born in the Soviet Union two years earlier, was taken to the U.S. by an aunt in 1932, lived in Berkeley, Calif., for five years, then returned to the U.S.S.R. The real Lonsdale's circumcision was recalled by his family doctor. British prison records show that Molody was uncircumcised.

The large question, of course, is why the Soviets allowed the spy story to be printed. Best guess is that they saw a chance to sow doubts among British-U.S. readers about their own security and—perhaps for domestic Soviet consumption—to embellish the reputation of KGB, the Soviet secret service.

Last week, *The People* was preparing an article of its own debunking the spy's



European

Molody at London party: Flirtations in the line of duty

told the police he was a music enthusiast and needed the set to pick up concerts at long range. The only thing that puzzled the cops, he recounts, is why he didn't watch TV instead.

Molody's jukebox-salesman cover made him out a bachelor, and he seems to have acted like one ("my many little flirtations . . . were part of my duties—a not unenjoyable part, I admit"). All the while, however, he kept a weather eye on Mrs. Molody back in Moscow with frequent reassurances (by courier) of how much he missed her. But to befuddle her about his job, he wrote that he was in China and concocted descriptions of the Oriental countryside and even of how "fed up with rice" he was.

Molody also tells some obvious whoppers. Chief among them is his claim that his cover name, Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, is truly his own. The trial evidence proved conclusively that it was not. The real Lonsdale was born in Cobalt, Canada, in 1924, taken to the Soviet Union at the age of 8, and has not been

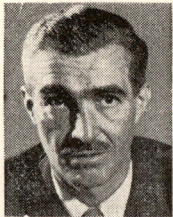
grosser inaccuracies—and tacitly admitting the series may not have been as journalistically effective as hoped. The last installment was superseded as No. 1 feature by a story about another, and rather less political, world personality—Jayne Mansfield.

GREAT LAKES:

The Dead Sea

To live on Lake Erie is to know the stink of algae and dead fish. From Detroit to Buffalo, sewers, treatment plants, and industries flush filth into the water that millions of people depend on for drinking, swimming, and fishing. Beaches have closed in Michigan, Ohio, and New York, boat liveries near Buffalo have failed, U.S. commercial fishing has collapsed. The sparkling blue lake is turning sickly green.

But beyond the 2-mile zone of pollution lies a deeper, more perplexing problem: in one sense, Lake Erie is



WASHINGTON

VIEW FROM THE NORTH

BY KENNETH CRAWFORD

Pretend, for a moment, that you are Ho Chi Minh, ruler of North Vietnam. How does the war in South Vietnam look from where you sit? Are you as sure that you are winning as American opponents of their government's Asian policies are? Are you as certain as they are that the insurgency against Saigon would succeed even if you discontinued your support of the insurgents? Do you agree with them that air raids on your territory are not really hurting you? Are you as confident as they are that your Chinese or your Soviet friends, or both, will stand by you without eating you up? Do you think your Washington foes are doltish to use force rather than some fuzzily defined hat-in-hand diplomacy at this stage of the crucial game in Southeast Asia, as Washington's critics at home do?

Nobody outside of Hanoi, and perhaps very few even in his own country, can read Ho's 75-year-old mind. He has always been an enigmatic revolutionary and he runs one of the world's most tightly controlled police states. But we do know enough about his background as an organizer of the French Communist Party, as a Moscow agent in the Far East, and as leader of the fight for Communist control of the territory once embraced by French Indochina to make some guesses about his present plight and his reaction to it. For those who moan that all the cards are stacked in his favor—that the cause of independence for South Vietnam is foredoomed—it should be instructive to consider the view from the other, the northern side of the 17th parallel.

DOWN THE RIVER

Ho organized the Viet Minh, a nationalist coalition dominated by his Communists, during the second world war. The Viet Minh fought the Japanese, who occupied Indochina, and at the end of the war moved into the power vacuum left by Japan's defeat. When the French returned by force, Ho made a deal with them: he'd keep Indochina in the French empire if Vietnam were granted some degree of self-government. But the French insisted upon restoring prewar colonialism and the French Communists who were then heavily represented in Paris both in Parliament and the

Cabinet, sold Ho down the river. Moscow didn't even recognize his government. Presently the situation deteriorated into civil war, with the Viet Minh, now supported by Red China, ultimately defeating France's 200,000-man colonial army.

At the Geneva Conference of 1954, Ho was again betrayed by Communist leaders. Even though his forces had won the climactic battle of Dienbienphu, he received only part of the spoils. He was awarded the primitively industrial section of North Vietnam but none of the southern rice-growing lands. For the last ten years he has been building his industry and his army on the shrunken stomachs of his people. Meanwhile, with much help from Peking and some from Moscow, he has been sponsoring the so-called revolt in the South, obviously in the hope of annexing or controlling its territory.

QUARRELING FRIENDS

So you'd have a few troubles if you were Ho. The territory you covet is being too stubbornly defended by the South Vietnamese, helped by the U.S.A., the world's most resourceful nation. Your Soviet and Chinese friends are quarreling so viciously that the Chinese won't even let the Soviets help by sending you supplies over Chinese territory. Your air defenses are being weakened by systematic bombing of your radar stations and the industry you have sweated for so long to modernize is menaced. You have lost 75,000 of your guerrilla fighters in the South in the last four years and you are running out of southerners to train as replacements. Much as you need help, you don't want the Chinese, your country's historic enemies, overrunning your frontiers. You prefer the Russians to the Chinese but Moscow is too far away.

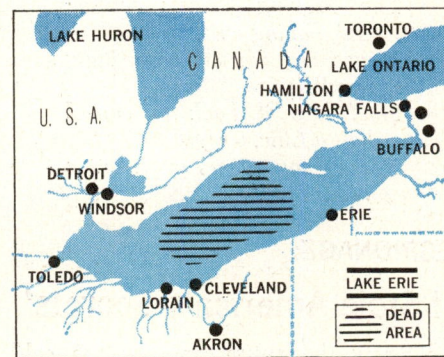
Among the good things you have going for you are the instability of the Saigon government and the mercurial nature of the American people, whose patience is notoriously exhaustible. Perhaps you can use Buddhist monks to keep Saigon stirred up, as you have before. Maybe impatience will overtake Washington. It is too bad for you that President Johnson is such a resolute sort. But you can still hope that the defeatists will get to him.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

dying. Called eutrophication, this death comes ironically from too much nutrition, as when an obese man eats till his heart quits. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and filth in the lake feed immense blooms of green and blue-green algae that then burn up oxygen at the lake's bottom needed by higher forms of life. In a 2,600-square-mile area, more than a quarter of the lake, useful water life has already been smothered.

Dwindling Poundage: The U.S. catch of prized Lake Erie blue pike has dwindled from 20 million pounds in 1936 to 1,000 pounds in 1963. There is a poor U.S. market for the remaining low-oxygen consuming fish. Parts of Lake Michigan, in Green Bay and off South Chicago, also are dying. But experts say Lake Erie may be only twenty years from total suffocation.

Can life be returned to its dying waters? A U.S. Public Health Service spokesman warned last week that every major tributary to the lake is "grossly polluted," and Gov. James Rhodes of



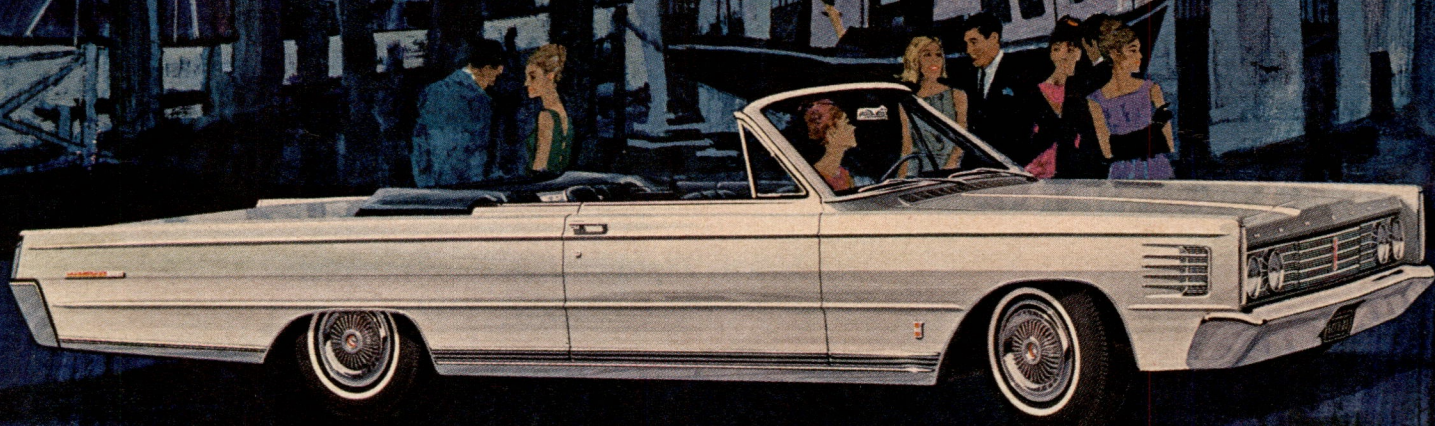
Newsweek—Bresnan

Lake Erie: Foul for fish

Ohio hastily called a conference of Great Lakes state governors to study ways of resuscitation before it is too late. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller wants New York to spend \$1.7 billion to eliminate pollution, and Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Locher hopes to get \$6.5 million to initiate sewage reform.

Revitalization will require more than elaborate pollution-control schemes, for eutrophication, once started, feeds on itself. Nitrogen eludes those who would block it; and the perfect sewage treatment does not exist.

Proposed remedies are bizarre and extravagant. James B. Coulter, chief of water projects for the Public Health Service, has suggested dredging muck from the contaminated river mouths, harvesting thousands of tons of slimy algae from the floor of the dead central basin, and repeatedly harvesting the phosphorus-laden fish in the lake. Coulter admits these proposals make him a lonely optimist among the experts, and he will readily concede that "it might cost not just millions, but billions of dollars."



MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE BROADWATER BEACH HOTEL, BILOXI, MISS., (SHOWN HERE) AS THEIR COURTESY CAR FOR GUESTS

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convertible. It can't crack or scratch like plastic will. No need to unzip it when you lower the top. Here's a car for

people who don't mind being looked at—just what you'd expect of a car in the Lincoln Continental tradition. Try it.

Awarded
year's top
honor



Mercury



WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



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go back to school each year?

For the same reason there is a
nursery in every Falcon Lounge.



Why are we expanding our Whisperjet fleet? (Soon there will be 50.) Why may you dine aloft on famous Rosenthal China? Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

For one reason: we want to make Eastern the finest, most competent airline you've ever flown on. Every new convenience, every new comfort or touch of elegance we add along the way becomes another opportunity for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

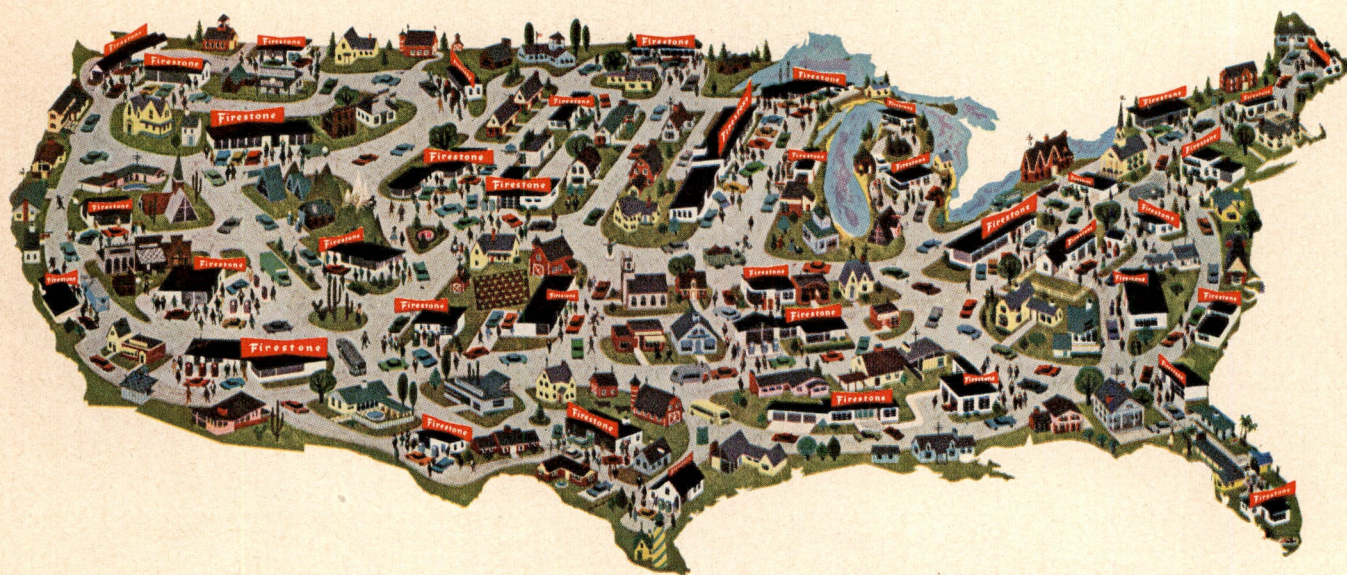
Captain Frank Baque, Jr.; 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick; 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell.



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Saigon Savagery

The dreary, six-story concrete building jammed up against neighboring buildings at the intersection of two of Saigon's busiest streets was originally designed to be a hotel. It was certainly not suited to serve as a U.S. embassy—particularly not in the most dangerous diplomatic outpost the U.S. maintains. Yet since 1954, U.S. ambassadors to South Vietnam and their staffs have worked with no real protection in their converted hotel near the heart of terrorist-ridden Saigon.

Successive U.S. ambassadors recognized the dangers this posed and urged that the U.S. follow the example of the British and French missions in Saigon by building a safer embassy in a protected site. Two years ago, the House of Representatives actually appropriated the money for construction of such an embassy. But then the project bogged down in design changes, and the legal term of the appropriation ran out. So the embassy staff continued to work in its hazardous location.

Last week, as a result of this chain of events, a blond, 21-year-old secretary from Denver, a U.S. Navy petty officer, and twenty others, all but one Vietnamese, were dead. Nor was that the full toll: 52 Americans, 131 Vietnamese, and three French were injured. For the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas, it was one of the most easily executed pieces of savagery they have yet accomplished in Saigon.

For weeks there had been warnings that terrorists would bomb the embassy. Yet to U.S. officials it seemed best not to tie up scores of policemen with guard duty or disrupt traffic by blocking off the streets near the mission. Thus when the inconspicuous gray Renault Fregate sedan seemed to stall on Vo Di Nguy, a street next to the embassy, shortly before 11 a.m. last Tuesday, only six white-uniformed South Vietnamese policemen were on guard duty.

A Ball of Flame: The driver of the car got out and looked under his hood. When a policeman ordered him to move on, the man replied by opening fire. The policeman shot back but was killed by gunfire from another terrorist who had pulled up to the area moments before on a motor scooter. With that, the two tried to flee, but police shot one of them dead, and the second man was wounded and captured soon afterward.

Inside the embassy, edgy staff members heard the shots. Vice Consul Edith Smith, a pretty honey-haired Smith graduate working on the first floor, saw the stalled car and had the presence of mind to shout: "It might be a bomb!" Her warning sent her fellow staffers to the floor and probably saved several lives. But upstairs the gunfire drew secretaries to the windows just as some 250 pounds of plastic explosive in the trunk of the Fregate erupted in a ball of flame that shot as high as the embassy and tore out the first three floors.

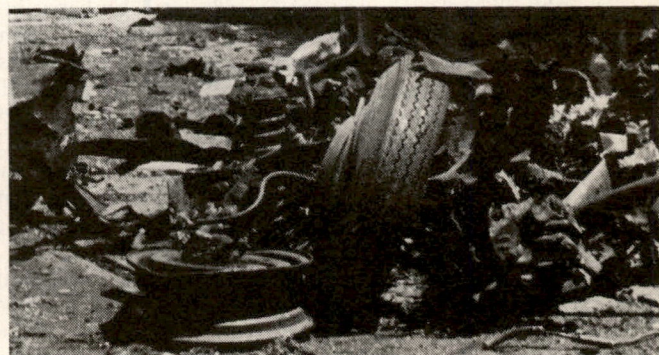
On the second floor, Barbara Robbins was killed at her desk still clutching a ballpoint pen. On the first floor, Storekeeper 2/C Manolito Castillo, a Filipino serving with the U.S. Navy, was fatally injured. "We all had glass in our eyes, hair, and pockets," said Robert Burke, 42, a political officer. Shards of window glass riddled the office of Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor—who, fortunately, was in Washington for top-level policy discussions (page 27). Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson was nicked in the face with flying glass in his fifth-floor office; however, he stayed on to direct operations and assist the injured. The sight of the wounded as they emerged sickened even battle-hardened newsmen. Reported NEWSWEEK's William Tuohy: "It was unexpectedly shocking to see all those pretty girls in bright print dresses suddenly all torn and bloody."

The common expectation in Saigon was that the attack



UPI

Bomb's aftermath: A Vietnamese woman lies dead . . .



Newsweek—François Sully

. . . the lethal vehicle is a shattered ruin . . .



Associated Press

. . . dazed and bleeding Americans leave the embassy

INTERNATIONAL

would touch off massive retaliatory air raids against Hanoi itself. But Washington chose to demonstrate that it was following a carefully laid out series of air assaults against North Vietnamese targets. On schedule, 39 U.S. and South Vietnamese planes blasted radar installations and an airstrip selected as targets well before the bombing.

Simultaneously, south of the 17th parallel, the war against the Viet Cong, dormant for some days, suddenly heated up. A fleet of 70 U.S. planes dumped tons of fuel oil, napalm, and incendiary bombs on Boi Loi Forest 25 miles northwest of Saigon in an effort to burn the Communists out of a redoubt; but the very heat rising from the resulting holocaust set off a freak convectional thunderstorm that doused the flames. In the north near Da Nang air base, a three-day battle against the guerrillas cost the lives of three American helicopter crewmen. And four other Americans were killed and one 'copter shot down in a fight for control of a Viet Cong stronghold 20 miles west of Saigon.

Out of the week's events came, above all, a new and newly convincing display of U.S. determination to stay the course in Vietnam. In Washington, outraged legislators quickly took steps to reappropriate \$1 million for a new, reinforced-concrete embassy building to be constructed behind a sturdy wall on a 3-acre site. In Saigon, embassy staff members, many of them heavily swathed in bandages, were already back at work in the shattered building. And Deputy Ambassador Johnson took justifiable pride in the fact that not one of the 100 embassy employees, including 30 women, had yet asked for a transfer.

Tears, Motes, and Beams

All but driven out of the news by the headlines on the Saigon embassy bombing was the hottest Vietnamese issue of the previous week: the use of U.S.-supplied riot gas against the Viet Cong. The last word on that subject, in fact, may have been said in the British House of Commons—where left-wing Laborites had raised some of the cries of outrage over the gas attack.

In stunned silence, the Laborites learned from their own Colonial Secretary, Anthony Greenwood, that British forces have used gas 124 times in the past five years to quell riots at various spots in the world. The left-wingers' only solace lay in the technical point that it was not exactly the same sort of nonlethal gas used by the U.S. As the Socialists squirmed, Conservative M.P. Julian Amery rose to quip: "Whilst most of us in the House would, I think, have disagreed with the slogan 'Better Red than dead,' could we not all agree that 'Tis better to cry than die'?"



Target Bien Hoa: A Viet Cong officer outlines attack on the U.S. air base

PROFILE OF THE VIET CONG

Sad to report, the bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon was probably, in long-range terms, one of the less important Communist successes in Vietnam last week. In fact, the most significant Viet Cong actions were not even reported in the U.S. press. But they were nonetheless numerous. In Tay Ninh province, northwest of Saigon, the Viet Cong entered a government-held hamlet, murdered the hamlet's assistant chief and kidnaped nine men to serve as helpers. In Phuoc Thanh, they held up a bus and collected "taxes" from each passenger. In Quang Ngai, they ambushed a platoon of local militia and killed the police chief. And in a village in Binh Dinh province, they impressed 100 peasants into service as laborers. Twenty-five other villagers, however, refused to be drafted—so they were shot to death.

It is incidents such as these, trivial individually in the chill calculus of war but weighty when multiplied by the hundreds, that have transformed the once-smiling land of South Vietnam into one great battlefield in which the "front" may be a man's paddy field, his office, or his child's playground. It is such incidents, too, that have slowly but inexorably drawn the U.S. into its biggest military effort since the Korean War. And in that effort the U.S. finds itself fighting a strangely frustrating foe.

The enemy in South Vietnam—the Viet Cong guerrilla—is not physically impressive. As a rule, he is only about 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. But he is ably led, possessed of vast endurance and long accustomed to

a diet that would send most GI's to the hospital in a matter of days. He is ruthless enough to enforce his movement's authority with torture and terror and ingenious enough to convert U.S. auto tires and French perfume bottles into military equipment. In his way, he is one of the world's most effective soldiers.

Success Not Conspicuous: "What we have encountered [in Vietnam] is an entirely new kind of fighting man, the terrorist who wears civilian clothes," explained former U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge recently. So far, the U.S. has not come out of the encounter with conspicuous success. Over the past ten years, Washington has poured \$3.3 billion into South Vietnam and has furnished the South Vietnamese Army with tanks, artillery, aircraft, chemical defoliants, and the cream of the U.S. military services as "advisers." Buoyed by this kind of help, the South Vietnamese Army claims to have killed 75,000 Viet Cong and to have captured more than 14,000 since 1960. Yet over that same period, the ranks of the Viet Cong have swollen from a few thousand fanatics to 35,000 regular troops and 100,000 part-time guerrillas. Just a while ago, the Viet Cong claimed that they had "liberated" three-quarters of South Vietnam and now control more than 50 per cent of the country's inhabitants.

The claim was an exaggerated one, but the fact remains that in many areas of South Vietnam today the Viet Cong undeniably constitute the effective government. Last month, Masaaki Seto-

guchi, a correspondent for Japan's Asahi Shimbun, got on a bus in Saigon, rode past government checkpoints 62 miles into the Mekong Delta and found himself in a village flying the yellow-starred flag of the Viet Cong. At first he was rather disappointed with what he found. "The distant, frequent roaring of guns was heard," he reported, "but neither the Viet Cong nor young men were to be seen in the village."

'Let Us Fight': But with the arrival of darkness, all that changed. "To my surprise," wrote Setoguchi, "the Viet Cong soldiers had filled the village while I was not aware of it . . . There were at least 200 . . . [including] two little boys. They said they were 15 and 16. The 16-year-old boy boasted that he had shot at an American helicopter." Later in the evening, "a rally of the villagers and soldiers was held. 'Let us fight! In order to live!' they shouted . . . Then I saw clearly the rulers of the night of the Mekong Delta . . . But before dawn the soldiers disappeared like shadows."

"Shadows" is a word that comes readily to mind when dealing with the Viet Cong, and for good reason. Except for Setoguchi, the guerrillas have permitted only Communist newsmen to visit their "liberated" zones and villages. Yet by sifting these undoubtedly biased reports and drawing on the resources of U.S. and South Vietnamese intelligence services, it is possible to put together a reasonably accurate picture of the history and current health of the Viet Cong movement.

The seeds of the Viet Cong insurrection were sown even before the ink was dry on the 1954 Geneva agreement that ended France's nine-year war to hold onto its Indochinese colonies. Under the terms of the Geneva agreement, between 80,000 and 90,000 Viet Minh, as the anti-French Vietnamese natives were called, were moved out of South Vietnam to North Vietnam. But Ho Chi Minh, the wispy-bearded President of Communist North Vietnam, made certain that many of his partisans stayed on in the south. Their instructions were to cache their arms, resume civilian life, and wait for the call to action.

No Elections: At first, Ho doubtless hoped to capture the south without a fight. The Geneva agreement called for elections to establish a single government for all Vietnam in 1956 and with his iron control of North Vietnam's 14 million people, Ho had every reason to expect an easy victory over any candidate emerging from among the 12 million politically divided inhabitants of South Vietnam. But then South Vietnam's late President Ngo Dinh Diem refused to hold the elections. At that, Ho called out his concealed supporters in the south—and the terror began.

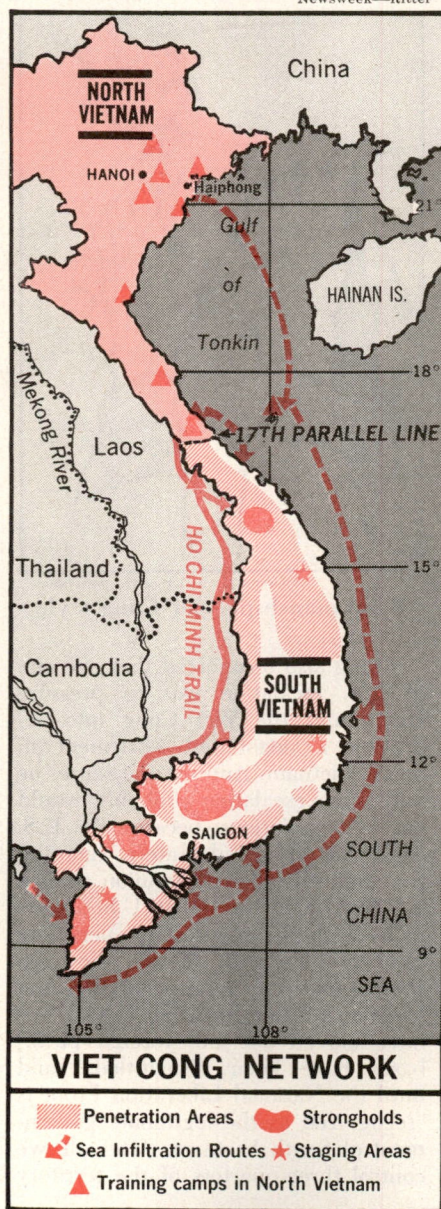
Mining roads, ambushing government

troops, and summarily executing some 13,000 pro-government officials, the Viet Cong slowly extended their tentacles into larger and larger areas of South Vietnam. Finally, in late 1960, Ho judged the time ripe to set up the so-called Front for the Liberation of South Vietnam as the political arm of the Viet Cong conspiracy.

Today, the Front's headquarters are reputed to be somewhere in the thick jungles of Tay Ninh province, hard by South Vietnam's border with Cambodia. The "President" of the Front is a 55-year-old leftist named Nguyen Huu Tho, a diffident former Saigon lawyer with a penchant (when he is out of the jungle) for Cadillacs and expensive Western clothes. And the 60-man central committee of the Front includes Buddhists, Catholics, students, peasants, professional men, and representatives of South Vietnam's mountain tribes.

The National Liberation Front, in short, makes every effort to avoid the

Newsweek—Ritter



appearance of Communist domination, and its propagandists grow indignant when they hear their movement labeled the "Viet Cong" (which simply means "Vietnamese Communists"). But for all that, few Vietnamese on either side doubt that ultimate direction of the rebellion lies with Hanoi or that its real guiding spirit is "Uncle Ho." Recently, inside the sweatband of a captured Viet Cong helmet, U.S. advisers in South Vietnam found the tiny inked notation: "HCM 0001." Apparently, the helmet's owner was claiming the top serial number in the army of the man he considered the top boss of the Viet Cong: Ho Chi Minh.

Long-Term War: But if Ho is the father figure, the basic military blueprint followed by the Viet Cong was first drawn up by Mao Tse-tung and later translated into Vietnamese terms by the victor of Dienbienphu, North Vietnam's brilliant Defense Minister General Vo Nguyen Giap. In his "People's War, People's Army," Giap analyzed guerrilla war as a protracted conflict progressing through three stages: (1) concealed mobilization and guerrilla forays; (2) larger, but still highly mobile operations, and (3) finally, the classic conventional military offensive. "Only a long-term war [enables] us to . . . transform our weakness into strength," wrote Giap. "Thousands of small victories accumulate into a great success."

In pursuit of Giap's "small successes," the Viet Cong have set up a military organization which is almost an exact parallel to that maintained by the Saigon government. At the base of the Viet Cong structure are the equivalent of Saigon's Popular Force Militia—part-time guerrillas who fight at night and till their fields by day. Next come the district forces, who are better armed and trained, but, like the government's provincial units, fight only in their own province. At the top are the hard-core, full-time fighters, now frequently uniformed as regulars and equipped with excellent Communist-bloc weapons or captured American arms. All too often, particularly when airpower cannot be called into play, they are more than a match for the ARVN's, as the government's regular troops are called (from Army of the Republic of Vietnam).

Deadly Trap: The Viet Cong exploit the traditional advantages of guerrillas with tactical ingenuity. Without favorable odds, they simply will not fight, and in the art of the ambush they are past masters. A classic maneuver is to overrun a small outpost, then lie in wait for the government column that inevitably will be dispatched to relieve the post. Informed of the relief column's route by their network of spies, the Viet Cong dig in alongside it and mine the ARVN's line of retreat. It is a deadly trap,

A VIET CONG 'DIPLOMAT' SIZES UP THE WAR

How do the Viet Cong really feel about U.S. military escalation in Vietnam and what are their war aims now? What Communists say doesn't necessarily reflect what they mean or think. But to get guerrilla spokesmen talking on such questions, NEWSWEEK correspondent Edward Behr last week traveled to Algiers, where the Viet Cong maintain their largest diplomatic mission in the non-Communist world. Behr's report:

The Viet Cong mission is quartered in a nondescript villa on the heights overlooking Algiers; there is little to distinguish it from all the other villas on the same street except for the car parked outside, which bears green diplomatic license plates. (Both the villa and the car are the property of the North Vietnamese Embassy, a mile away.) Inside, the furniture is modernistic and brand-new. On the wall are a picture of a superbly healthy baby apparently clipped from a condensed-milk advertisement and a calendar bearing a still photograph from a North Vietnamese film.

For two hours I sat beneath this calendar with Vo Cong Trung, a member of the Viet Cong mission. (There are similar missions of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, as the Viet Cong prefer to call themselves, in Cairo, Prague, Havana, East Berlin, Djakarta, Peking, and—for the past few weeks—Moscow.) Vo Cong Trung is 39; he came to Algiers in 1963 straight from eighteen years of fighting in Indochina.

Confident Air: Slim and smiling, speaking fluent French learned at a Saigon lycée, Trung reeled off facts, figures, and quotes from Viet Cong resolutions with the practiced skill of the political commissar he once was. But unlike his Chinese Communist counterparts, who tend to parrot what they have learned and no more, Trung spoke with an air of confidence about Viet Cong policy, strategy, and goals. Only the style was different, however; the substance was identical with the official Peking line.

We discussed at length the U.S. escalation of the war and its repercussions. Trung readily confirmed Viet Cong responsibility for the bombing of the U.S. embassy in Saigon. "The attack on the embassy probably would have taken place in any case as soon as we were ready to carry it out," Trung said, but U.S. air raids in North Vietnam had "stirred up the

National Liberation Front and encouraged it to step up its offensive." Moreover, he said, such bombing attacks against American installations in South Vietnam would continue.

Trung said the Liberation Front's central committee analyzed the U.S. strategy of escalation this way: "To us, the U.S. bombing raids are not exclusively military operations. Their aim is political—you might say diversionary. They are carried out, first of all, to improve the flagging morale of the South Vietnamese and their mercenaries [the Viet Cong term for American servicemen]." But by employing such diversionary tactics, Trung said, the U.S. military "implicitly acknowledge they have no hope of winning the war on the ground."



Mauldin © 1965 Chicago Sun-Times

Brinkmanship, Viet Cong style

Trung also recognized that one aim of U.S. escalation was to pressure Hanoi and the Viet Cong into accepting a negotiated settlement in South Vietnam. And, in one sense, he said, such escalation probably would hasten negotiations—because the U.S. could not go on indefinitely "ignoring the strength of world opinion against it." But he insisted that U.S. efforts to force the Communists to negotiate "will not succeed." Quite the contrary; there can be no negotiations on Vietnam's future until "all U.S. troops have moved out and foreign [U.S.] bases have been dismantled," and until the National Liberation Front is "recognized as the legitimate government of South Vietnam. After all, we control three-quarters of the territory

and enjoy the support of two-thirds of the population."

When Trung was asked what kind of government the Viet Cong intended to establish, he replied that it would be "a coalition government of all social strata and all political tendencies—for a transition period." Quite clearly, the Viet Cong intend eventually to establish a totally Communist government, but for the moment it suits their purpose to appeal to South Vietnam's bourgeoisie—many of whom, according to Trung, have given solid proof of their "patriotic" spirit. "Many former landowners," he declared, "are now back in their villages in areas controlled by us."

Then, reverting to the question of negotiations, Trung said that U.S. military escalation might result in political escalation by the Viet Cong. If the war became more generalized, the Viet Cong might make reunification of North and South Vietnam a precondition of any talks.

Volunteers: Seemingly, Trung did not anticipate a widening of the war. The Viet Cong, he said, would call for outside volunteers only "if the need became very great." I asked Trung whether massive Chinese aid would not take the war's direction out of Viet Cong hands. He said one condition of outside aid was that the Liberation Front should maintain full operational control: "We have been fighting for twenty years, and we feel we know more about fighting in Vietnam than anyone else."

Wasn't there fear the Chinese would dominate Vietnam? "We were indeed subjected to 500 years of Chinese rule," Trung said, "but we have no racial hatred for the Chinese. Our aims and ideals are the same." But his tone indicated that the possibility of massive Chinese intervention on the ground in Vietnam is remote. And the prospect of volunteers from Cuba, Indonesia, and Algeria he appeared to regard as a source of more trouble than it would be worth as a propaganda stunt.

Finally, I asked Vo Cong Trung whether the Moscow-Peking dispute had affected the Viet Cong. "It is obvious that the crisis between China and the Soviet Union has not been to our advantage," he said. "But, in any case, one consequence of U.S. escalation seems to have escaped American leaders: it will, inevitably, bring the Soviet Union and China together again."

and it works time and time again.

To reinforce the element of surprise that, as guerrillas, they generally enjoy, the Viet Cong rely on careful planning. Whenever they intend to attack a fixed post, they make every effort to sneak a man in to act as a Trojan horse or to bribe or terrorize one of the guards into cooperating with them. They converge on their target in small, separate groups, avoiding large troop movements visible from the air. And, beforehand, they will have studied an elaborately sketched diagram or even a mud model of the target.

"We have captured documents showing detailed drawings of every obstacle on the post," one intelligence officer disclosed after the bloody Viet Cong raid on an American Special Forces base at Pleiku in February. "They knew just where every door was—and that if you went through this particular door, there would be a picture on the wall."

Unconventional Arms: For other contingencies the Viet Cong have developed more unconventional methods. On patrol in the jungle, an unwary South Vietnamese soldier may crash through a light covering of twigs into a deep pit, impaling himself on sharpened bamboo stakes dipped in poison. Or he may trip over an innocent-looking vine and bring a crude but deadly projectile—dozens of poisoned stakes embedded in a huge log—smashing down from the trees.

In city operations, of course, the VC weapons are more sophisticated. Blowguns with poison darts are concealed in bicycle pumps, bombs are fashioned in the shape of fountain pens, and small grenades are smuggled into Saigon tucked in women's hair knots.

Women, in fact, are a major Viet Cong weapon. When government troops appear to bombard a village where the Viet Cong are hiding, out come the local mothers, babes in arms. "You are killing your own people," they cry. Sometimes they talk the government forces out of the bombardment and, as a result, are known widely as "the cannon spikers."

Still another function of the female supporters of the Viet Cong is sowing disaffection among government troops. "Every night, in some part of South Vietnam or another, wherever there are Saigon posts," writes the Australian Communist journalist Wilfred Burchett, "there are . . . girls, megaphones in hand, creeping around in the grass or trees around the posts. Whenever possible the girl . . . will have a relative inside . . . She will call her relative by name: 'Chanh . . . Chanh. Are you listening? . . . your village has been liberated and a nice bit of paddy field along the river has been set aside for you . . . Chanh, give up this dishonorable life, and come back to the village. Why get yourself killed for the Yankees?'"

Useful as all these stratagems are, however, the most effective weapon in the Viet Cong arsenal is the guerrilla soldier himself and his often fanatical devotion to the cause. In one attack, for example, about 100 VC's dressed only in swimming trunks and sneakers, with hand grenades strapped across their naked chests, crept up to the high barbed-wire fence surrounding a government encampment. Catapulting each other over the fence by twos and threes, many of them made suicide dashes into the defending foxholes and blew themselves up along with the defenders.

And yet, on the surface, the Viet Cong guerrilla does not seem a particularly formidable adversary. He is often very youthful and lacking in individual initiative. He may be a city-bred intellectual



'President Tho': The Front's front

or from one of the rugged hill tribes, but he is most apt to be an uneducated peasant. His monthly wages are paltry—roughly 180 piasters (or \$1.80) a month, whether he is a common soldier or a regimental commander.

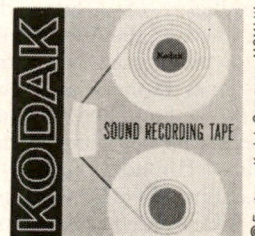
Rubber Sandals: Most of the guerrillas still wear the black pajama-like suit of the Vietnamese peasant, but more are now wearing a variety of uniforms cut by jungle tailors. The Viet Cong soldier's feet are protected only by sandals, which are often cut from U.S. auto tires. A key piece of equipment is the helmet, to which the VC soldier wires his extremely effective camouflage of leaves and branches.

Seven years ago, when the serious insurgency began, the Viet Cong weapons were the ancient rifles left from the war against the French or crude guns



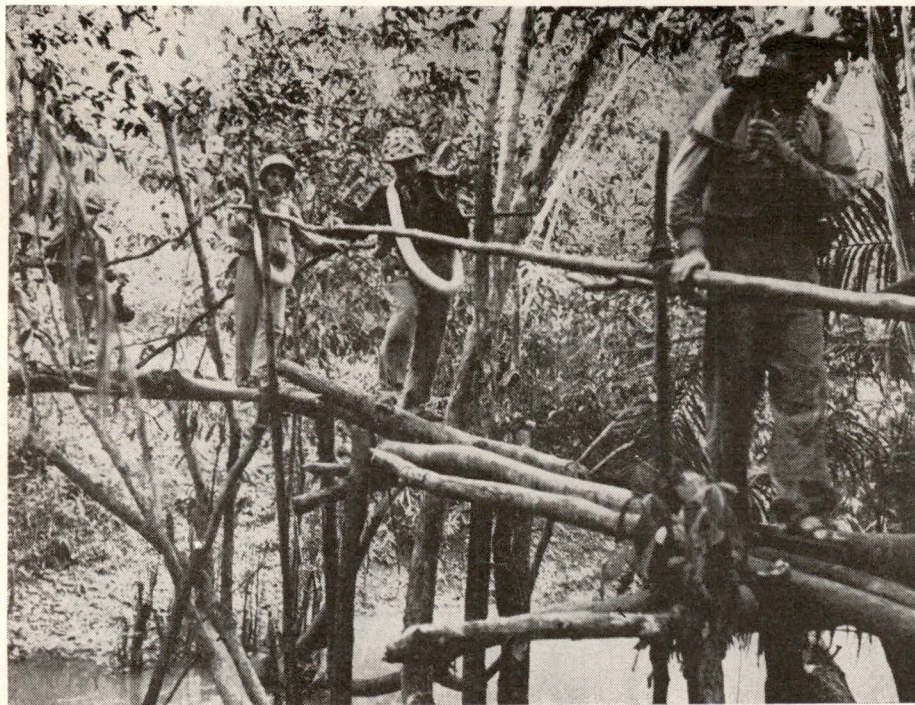
Can sound recording tape be an heirloom?

Most of us never think about keeping a tape recording for years and years. But how many of these are really quite precious? A child's first words. The warm hullabaloo of a birthday party. Sounds well worth keeping. That's one reason why Kodak makes sound recording tape that will last. Kodak tape is critically tested under forced ageing conditions to prove its archival quality. And should you ever want to make today's recording tomorrow's heirloom, you can . . . if it's on KODAK Sound Recording Tape. Get a roll this week at any normal tape outlet, camera shop, electronic supply house or department store. Your grandchildren will be glad you did.



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Viet Cong on the move: Preparing to go into Phase Three?



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Viet Cong haversack from the U.S.; projectile from the trees

fashioned in jungle arsenals. But today's Viet Cong may be carrying a Garand or a Tommy gun, a Chinese machine gun or even a mortar. His other main possessions are a nylon hammock, a few grenades, and a kerosene lamp fabricated from French perfume bottles. The strong beam of a flashlight, the guerrillas say, would attract enemy attention, while the flicker of a lamp does not.

During harvest, the Viet Cong soldier is allowed, and even encouraged, to work for local farmers and pick up a little extra change. Then he may buy a bottle of La Rue beer brewed in Saigon or a pack of Hirondelette cigarettes from Cambodia. But when he is on an operation, the VC lives on his own version of C rations: cold glutinous rice spiced with tiny chili peppers, a week's supply of which he carries in a kind of circular sausage, wrapped in cloth and strung around his neck.

Discipline in Viet Cong units is strict but informal, and though there are no

apparent barriers between the officers and men, training is rigorous. At 5 a.m. a bugle sounds reveille. This is followed by ten minutes of calisthenics, a wash-up, and a breakfast of rice and fish. Then come seemingly endless lectures on Marxism or hygiene or geography, followed by firing practice. After lunch, a siesta, then there are more lectures and maneuvers in the jungle. Sometimes, for anti-aircraft target practice, a model airplane is flown across a jungle clearing. But at 5 o'clock in the evening, reports Mme. Madeleine Riffaud, correspondent for the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, everything stops for volleyball. "It is a kind of a madness with them," she says. "They play whenever they have a spare minute."

The VC's Recruits: Spartan as it is, the life of the Viet Cong soldier tempts a surprising number of Vietnamese. Many a young farmer chooses adventure with the VC's rather than follow the plow or be drafted into the Viet-

namese Army; others are lured by promises of free land when the war is over. Some are pure idealists. "My days and tasks belong to history," reads part of a diary found recently on the body of a dead guerrilla.

Nonetheless, the notion that the Viet Cong are all "highly motivated" is an exaggeration. Apart from the dwindling hard core who launched the movement for Ho Chi Minh, morale among the Viet Cong, U.S. officers say, varies with the man and his circumstances, just as it does in the South Vietnamese Army. The big factor is whether his unit is winning battles or not.

The emotions with which South Vietnam's peasants regard the Viet Cong also vary considerably. In areas where they meet local hostility, the guerrillas mine buses indiscriminately or disembowel village chiefs. "The Viet Cong are not so much loved as feared," comments one Westerner. And an American adds: "Mao talks about guerrillas as fish and the peasantry as the water in which the fish swim. But the temperature of the water is maintained by terror."

Carrots and Sticks: In addition to the stick, the Viet Cong know how to proffer the carrot. In Catholic areas, they woo the Catholics, and in Buddhist areas, the Buddhists. Marxism is played down. The essential Viet Cong pitch is simple: we can give you land, do away with oppressive taxes, and get rid of the government in Saigon. And all too often the peasants are impressed.

Of late, however, there are signs that despite their potent combination of terror, political shrewdness, and military prowess, the Viet Cong are encountering new problems. For one thing, they feel a desperate need for more manpower—so much so that they have begun to conscript young South Vietnamese against their wills as laborers in support of guerrilla units. Recently, *Newsweek* correspondent William Tuohy interviewed one such "draftee," 17-year-old Nguyen Van Ban, who deserted at the first opportunity and gave himself up to government forces. In his unit, said Ban, there were many impressed youngsters and, as a result, "morale was very low."

More significant yet, despite the Viet Cong claim that their rebellion is purely South Vietnamese, U.S. intelligence sources insist that of the 10,000 infiltrators who crossed the border from the north last year, 90 per cent were northern-born. And this estimate is borne out by Viet Cong prisoners like Sgt. Nguyen Van Toan, a 21-year-old native of North Vietnam. Last April, he and other northern soldiers traveled in small groups along the Ho Chi Minh Trails through Laos. Once inside South Vietnam, Toan and his comrades reformed into the 701st battalion. "My



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battalion was entirely composed of people coming from the north," says Toan, who was captured late last year near Da Nang. "I was taught in North Vietnam to come south to fight against the Americans. But when I arrived I realized I had to fight Vietnamese."

More than half the Viet Cong hard core, in fact, are now North Vietnamese, and as the movement's dependency on the north increases and becomes more overt, its character is also changing in other ways. Substantial quantities of Communist-bloc arms, mainly Czech and Chinese,* are reaching the Viet Cong and they include many heavy weapons. Ironically, this sometimes has the effect of reducing the guerrillas' mobility. Moreover, as the "liberated zones" have grown, the Viet Cong have begun to suffer some of the administrative problems that come with bigness. "They've actually got typewriters now," cracks one U.S. officer. "If they ever get mimeograph machines, I really think we'll have it made."

Regrouping: In fact, some Saigon observers believe that the Viet Cong are preparing to go into General Giap's Phase Three—full-scale conventional war. In the last year, for the first time, they have grouped fifteen of their 50 regular battalions into five regiments, complete with supporting heavy weapons units. What's more, South Vietnamese Defense Minister Nguyen Van Thieu told *NEWSWEEK*'s François Sully last week, "we have indications that regular Viet Cong battalions are leaving the Mekong Delta and telling the peasants they are being regrouped in the mountains . . . Within a month we expect them to start something really spectacular."

The possibility of a major set-piece battle, in which government forces could bring into full play their superiority in air support, armor, and artillery, is the dream of U.S. officers in Vietnam. Says one American: "From Viet Cong propaganda, you get the impression they have reached the point where it is hard for them to go back to the level of activity best suited to their circumstances. They always talk of Dienbienphu as if there has to be such a battle in this war . . . To this degree, they are prisoners of their own conceptions."

Perhaps so. But in spite of these rumors, it seems likely that Hanoi—in line with Giap's theorizing—still contemplates a drawn-out war that could last for another ten years or more. The question then seems to be: is the U.S. public ready for such a long-term duel with stubborn shadows in the thickets of Vietnam?

*The Viet Cong arsenal includes relatively few Soviet weapons—which may or may not be related to indignant leaks out of Moscow last week to the effect that Peking had delayed or diverted Russian weapons shipments to Hanoi.



Associated Press

Dr. Seagrave at his hospital: Foreshadowing the Peace Corps

BURMA:

Man With a Mission

In the cool of the evening, the old man often dreamed of returning to the U.S. for a last visit with his family and a binge on chocolate milk shakes. But with his health dangerously weakened by more than 40 years in the Burmese jungles, he dared not risk the trip. "I've tried to prove that an American can love a country like Burma enough to spend his whole life here," he explained. "The final proof would be if I died and were buried here."

Gordon Stifler Seagrave, a bluff, bespectacled American mission doctor universally known as the "Burma Surgeon," gave the world that final proof last week. As Shan, Kachin, and Karen villagers maintained a solemn vigil nearby, Seagrave, 68, succumbed to heart failure in the hospital he had built with his own hands on a hilltop overlooking Communist China. By his own request, he was buried in the hospital cemetery between his sister, who died in 1951, and his eldest son, who was drowned at the outbreak of World War II.

Thus ended five generations of family service begun in Burma by Seagrave's forebears in the early nineteenth century. "They were plumb full of religion and resolved to spread it among the Karen peoples who then controlled the country around Rangoon," Seagrave once reminisced. "I was born in Rangoon . . . and spoke Karen . . . before I learned English."

Tradition: After earning a medical degree at Johns Hopkins University, Seagrave decided to carry on the family tradition. With his wife, "Tiny," who was more than seven months pregnant, and a valise full of cast-off surgical sup-

plies and religious tracts, Seagrave arrived in 1922 at a ramshackle Baptist hospital at Namkham in the blue-green mountains of northeast Burma.

To his dismay, he soon learned that the natives used his Gospel tracts as cigar wrappers and were less than eager to leave their villages for his hospital. His reaction to this discovery foreshadowed many of the techniques of today's Peace Corpsmen. Living in stark simplicity, Seagrave learned the local Shan language and traveled by pack mule into the hinterland with his medicines. When he arrived in a village, he announced that he would treat the sick free of charge. Soon, they began coming.

As his hospital grew, Seagrave hit upon the idea of training local hill-tribe girls as nurses. In time, his trainees carried their knowledge of modern hygienic methods into scores of remote mountain villages. And during the Allied retreat before the invading Japanese in World War II, three Burmese nurses helped Seagrave, whom they called "Daddy," treat many thousands of casualties in the searing jungles of Burma and India.

Nonsectarian: After the war, Seagrave severed his ties with the American Baptist Foreign Mission so that his hospital, which annually treated nearly 20,000 Buddhists, Moslems, and Hindus, would be nonsectarian. And in his later years he preferred to be thought of less as a missionary than as "a man with a mission."

In 1950, Seagrave was faced with a crisis that threatened to destroy the meaning of his life's work. The country of his adoption, now wracked with civil strife, charged him with high treason for giving medical aid to a rebel chieftain. Though he was finally cleared by the Burmese Supreme Court, the experience